THE BOYCOTT A POTENT FACTOR AGAINST DIVORCE

Mrs. William E. Corey Has Not Found Society at Her Feet. (Photo by Davis & Eickemeyer)

Mrs. Ferdinand Earle, Who Met with a Chilling Reception from Neighbors.

Mrs. Perry Belmont.

Will Social Indifference Prove the Most Effective Remedy? Society Asks.

PICTURE one of the most brilliant social events of the season. The drawing-rooms of the splendid mansion are crowded with women in beautiful evening gowns and with men faultlessly attired. An odor of flowers fills the air, which is pulsing with the hum of conversation and the soft strains of music.

Beaming with smiles, the hostess receives her guests. Finally the footman announces: "Mr. and Mrs. Percival Langdon Van de Vere."

Suddenly the conversation sinks to whispers; a sudden damp seems to pervade the brilliant scene. Bowing right and left, laughing vivaciously, Mrs. Van de Vere, the latest divorcee, sweeps into the room, graciously extending her hand.

There are few responses—a cold bow here and there. Many of the women deliberately turn their backs. The hostess shows signs of distress; she realizes that in being so generous with her invitations she has committed a great blunder.

For do not the matrons of her set deliberately "cut" Mrs. Van de Vere whenever they meet her on the street?

Social Frigidity Is Felt.

Of course, it is a picture of the fancy. The social boycott has not yet been employed—that is, generally employed—as a weapon against the divorce evil, but may it not be?

Is not its sting being keenly felt by Mabelle Gilman Corey, who took the steel trust millionaire away from his faithful wife? Is not the new Mrs. Ferdinand Earle chilled by the social frigidity toward her at Monroe, N. Y.? Was not a similar aloofness on the part of social leaders gall and wormwood to the soul of Mrs. Perry Belmont for years after her divorce and second marriage?

These are notable examples of the effectiveness of an unfavorable sentiment toward certain classes of divorce cases. After all, the social boycott might do more to deter such divorces than anything else.

When Mabelle Gilman Corey sailed away to Europe a short time ago she carried a sorely disappointed heart. She had won a fortune, unlimited money was at her command, but the designs of her heart were unfulfilled.

The full brunt of a social boycott was felt by Mrs. Corey when she moved into her Fifth avenue mansion in New York. Her husband was head of the steel trust—oh, yes! But Mrs. Corey had been an actress, she had caused her husband to divorce a faithful, tried, and true wife.

Society on Virtue's Side.

Society took a virtuous stand, and Mrs. Corey's neighbors rode by her mansion, heads up in the air, never so much as glancing at the fair Mabelle.

She was invited nowhere. In her mansion she amused herself as well as possible, but the days were far from being joyous.

"I do not care for society," she declared, with a haughty toss of her curly head. "I am going to establish a salon—yes, and have interesting people come there; people who do things. I don't care for society; I am interested in the world of art, and music, and literature."

For some reason or other the world of art, and music, and literature did not come to Mrs. Corey. Then she conceived a plan of securing a castle in Ireland and playing Lady Bountiful to the poor of that country.

So she sailed away, sad at heart, but defiant. She was disgusted by her failure to enter upon a brilliant social career. What was the use of having a magnificent home, jewels worth a fortune, automobiles to ride in, and a regiment of servants, if one must remain a social nobody?

In a lonely part of the west of Ireland the Coreys have taken Dalgan Park Castle, owned by Lord de Clifford, who also married an actress, Eva Carrington, of the Gayety Theater, London. There Mrs. Corey, perhaps, thinks she will be regarded as a person of importance.

Soon after Ferdinand Earle, the artist of "affinity" fame, returned to Monroe, N. Y., with his second wife—the affinity for whom he had set aside the first Mrs. Earle—a dispatch from that place stated that what was practically a social boycott had been decided on by residents of that section.

Probably the new Mrs. Earle, when Miss Julia Kuttner, had no social aspirations. The affinity scheme engrossed her attention. The murmurs of an outraged community at Monroe did not feaze Earle when he sent his first wife to France, with an understanding that she was to get a divorce in order that he might wed the "affinity."

Earle was following out his ideals, and the public obloquy made him appear like a martyr to himself and his friends. He went abroad with Miss Kuttner and lived in Italy. His wife secured the divorce in France, and Earle was married to Miss Kuttner. Then he returned to the United States.

His return, however, was doubtless not the kind he expected. When he arrived at Monroe he was hooted. He went to his house and a crowd of men and boys formed in the village. Armed with dishpans, discordant horns, and other noise-producing instruments, they started for the Earle mansion, prepared to express themselves in a charivari. But Earle had heard of this, and prepared a banquet for his would-be serenaders. When they arrived he appeared on the porch of his mansion, his hand extended to the leader.

"Come in, boys," he said, heartily, "I have a little feast for you." Shamefaced, and stammering excuses, the crowd dropped their drums and horns and entered the dining-room. When they left their comment was: "Earle isn't such a bad sort after all."

Ferdinand Earle has a good heart, all his friends say. But there are certain social conventions which society will not permit being broken despite any magnanimity of spirit. It might forgive Earle, but it must show its disapproval.

So the neighbors of the artist decided to shun the new Mrs. Earle. When they meet Mr. Earle the men recognize him. Mrs. Earle by the women of Monroe is said to be regarded as a stranger.

Ruination for One Man.

A number of years ago Frank A. Magowan was mayor of Trenton, N. J. He was talked of as a future governor of the State. When a poor man he had married a poor girl; when he got rich through rubber industries he tired of the wife of his days of poverty, and becoming infatuated with the wife of an employe, eloped West with her, secured a divorce from his wife, and married the new charmer.

Upon their return to Trenton they were ignored by their friends. Magowan's business suffered, and within a short time he was ruined—financially as well as socially.

What is now happening to Mrs. Corey and Mrs. Earle happened to Mrs. Perry Belmont some years ago—it is only within comparatively recent years that she may be said to have returned to a measure of social success.

As the wife of Henry T. Sloane the now Mrs. Belmont was a social leader. At Newport she was regarded as among the prominent personages. She went everywhere and was entertained by everybody.

Then came the chapter of her life story that wasn't pleasant. Her husband divorced her and she promptly married Belmont. Society said little—aloud; it spoke in whispers.

But when Mrs. Belmont returned to the field of her former social successes she found the bars were up. Society withheld the hand of welcome; few persons accepted her invitations. She was virtually frozen out.

This condition of affairs lasted nearly five years, when some of her former friends began to rally about her, and a compromise was made by which Mrs. Perry Belmont and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who led the social war against her sister-in-law, were invited alternately to functions. Things were so arranged that they never met. Such an arrangement was naturally humiliating to the divorcee, and she made a bold move.

She would win out or lose—but she would not lose without a struggle. Mrs. Belmont went to London.

Perry Belmont was an old friend of the Baron Alfred de Rothschild. The baron did not kpow nor care about any scandals concerning the divorce, nor had he any interest in Newport's social wars. A dinner was given by him to Mr. and Mrs. Belmont in London, to which were invited, among other notable guests, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Francis of Teck, and other persons close to the King.

This dinner marked the turning point of Mrs. Belmont's career. She could now snap her fingers at New York. Shortly after this dinner Mrs. Belmont met and chatted with King Edward at Ascot. Then followed her appearance at the royal ball in Windsor Castle, when President Loubet, of France, was England's guest. Her appearance at the grand opera scored another success. New York and Newport read of Mrs. Belmont's triumph abroad, and when she returned she found a different atmosphere awaiting her.

Any woman who had been seen walking with the King of England could not be ignored. Was it to be Mrs. O. H. P. or Mrs. Perry? The Belmont season was beginning. And the Newport crowd chose Mrs. Perry. When Mrs. James P. Kernochan entertained the Machioness de Mores Mrs. Perry was present; Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont was not.

Then came a musicale by Mrs. William T. Bull and an afternoon party given by Richard Hall, the artist. Mrs. Perry was conspicuous by her presence; Mrs. O. H. P. by her absence. And so it went on. It was amusing.

It is not likely that Mrs. Corey or Mrs. Earle will find the icy barriers of protest melting as readily as did those confronting Mrs. Belmont. The woman who became the second Mrs. Magowan could not make headway against an adverse public sentiment.

"Undoubtedly social ostracism would curb the number of divorces, especially in society," declared a sociologist recently. "One thing dear to a woman is social recognition and success.

"In society divorces have been regarded as quite an ordinary procedure; divorcees are remarried, return to the fold, and find arms open to receive them. Perhaps they are all the more popular because of their matrimonial escapades.

"But if a good, healthy public sentiment were aroused and every man or woman figuring in an unsavory divorce scandal were coldly turned down, we should find that marriage would not be regarded so lightly; that men would not cast off their faithful wives for stage favorites, and that society would be cleaner.

"Before risking social ostracism, men and women would hesitate long ere they cast aside lightly the ties that should be sacred."

VENUS IN A CHARACTERISTIC CHAT ON BANE OF BEING BEAUTIFUL

By Helen Rowland

"Pardon me," said Venus, putting down the powder puff and drawing a fleecy pink cloud round her shoulders, as I followed Psyche into the cozy little Olympian boudoir, "for receiving you here, but this marcel waving takes such a time!"

"And if you stop in the middle," I agreed sympathetically, as I sank luxuriously down on the gilt sunset to which she motioned me, "it always leaves a hump."

"Yes," sighed Venus, "When we used to do our back hair in knots I could trust the whole thing to Psyche; but nowadays, what with electric baths and facial massage and manicuring and frocks that button up the back, one hasn't time to think!"

"To—what?" I inquired involuntarily. "I didn't know a professional beauty had to think," I added hastily. "I fancied you just—just were, you know."

"Of course!" exclaimed Venus, picking up her curling tongs with a petulant gesture. "That's the bane of being beautiful."

"I beg your pardon!" I wet my pencil hopefully and slip my notebook out of my sleeve.

"You never get a rag of credit from the men for cleverness," declared Venus, "nor from the women for being respectable. They seem to think that a straight nose is incompatible with a straight character and that a deep dimple and a brilliant eye wholly preclude a deep thought or a brilliant idea. Honestly, I'd a whole lot rather be just fascinating!" and Venus daintily touched one eyebrow with a brown pencil and leaned back to observe the effect.

"But," I protested, squinting into the mirror over her shoulder to see if my hat was on straight, "I thought it was the same thing, and——"

"Did you?" interrupted Venus sarcastically, turning suddenly from her dressing table.

"And that a girl with the right curves and naturally curly hair, and bathing suit—er possibilities, had all the advantages."

"What advantages?" demanded Venus in exasperation. "What did Helen of Troy ever get out of all that? What did Mary, Queen of Scots, or Mme. du Barry, or Heloise, or Josephine or anybody ever get out of it, but perfidy from the men and scandal and malice from the women? Did you ever hear of a really truly great beauty who didn't wind up either in a tragedy or by marrying some little runt of a man with a bad temper and a bristly mustache, who abused and neglected her?"

"Or by not marrying at all!" I added sadly, gazing at my own reflection in the mirror.

"Yes," agreed Venus, brightening, "Just look at The Three Graces, for instance—old maids to-day, in spite of all their maneuvering and all the write-ups they've gotten."

"I suppose they were too particular," I suggested.

"Exactly!" declared the goddess, "The trouble with a very pretty girl is that she is always too fastidious. She doesn't realize that getting a husband is not a matter of luck, but of labor, not a matter of dimples, but of diplomacy. While she is sitting idle, listening to songs of praise and foolish flattery, some other little thing with a snub nose and a freckled forehead is murmuring a song of praise on her own account and flattering a nice man into the helpless state where his hands can be tied with a matrimonial knot. A plain girl learns early that the path to popularity is a thorny one, filled with self-sacrifices, and that in order to get anything out of life of a man she has got to make herself agreeable and necessary. It is the old story of the wise and the unwise Virgins, the snail and the tortoise——"

"And the Battle of Waterloo!" I finished enthusiastically. "I've always noticed," I added, "that all the brilliant, attractive men are married to hideous little dumpy creatures, who look as if they had been picked up in the dark room from a bargain counter and that most of the ex-beauties are left hanging on the family tree or else are married off hastily at the last moment to—to 'samples.'"

"Certainly!" sighed Venus bitterly, as she carefully rouged her lower lip. "Just look at me, for instance! Glad to get Vulcan, the ugliest, stupidest, most disagreeable husband in Olympus."

"Wasn't he a blacksmith?" I inquired gently.

"Yes." Venus screwed up her little nose contemptuously. "And now he runs a garage and smells of gasoline most of the time. I've lived all these years in mortal terror lest Cupid should grow up to look just like his father."

"But," I put in encouragingly, "you've had a plenty of—er—attention meantime; and after all, it's attention and not a husband that makes a woman happy."

Venus looked at me pityingly.

"Attention!" she exclaimed with a hard little laugh. "And yet you know all about what a hard time I had getting the slightest notice from Adonis—the only man I ever loved—and how he acted the moment my back was turned. Even when a beautiful woman does succeed in getting the man she wants, she seldom succeeds in keeping him. She's too busy holding on to her beauty to hold on to anything else, I suppose. If you read the morning papers you'll notice that, nine times out of ten, it's the beautiful woman whom men divorce and desert and refuse to live with. Once a man has married a girl he seldom takes time to look at her again; after that it's not the way she does her hair that matters. While the beauty is struggling to keep her figure, the plain girl is struggling to keep her temper; while the beauty is planning a new hat and feeding herself on anti-fat, the other girl is planning a new pudding and feeding her husband on flattery."

"Oh, well," I commented briefly, "it's hard for a pretty girl to get used to sitting on a footstool after she has become accustomed to a throne."

"My dear," said Venus, laying down her rouge rag and looking at me pityingly, "there is only one throne in a family; and no man was ever built to fit on a footstool."

"Nevertheless," I persisted obstinately, "I'd change places with you or Lillian Russell any day."

"You'd much better trade with Juno, who has an unquestioned social position," retorted Venus, "or with Ceres, who has a landed interest, or even with a little domestic fool like Psyche. Nowadays a plump figure hasn't half the attractions of a plump bank account, in masculine eyes. Do you suppose Paris would have given me that silly old apple in exchange for the most beautiful woman in the world if he had been a modern young business man, instead of just a simple shepherd lad? Well, I fancy not—not unless I had been able to make an affidavit that Helen's father had a fortune of over seven figures."

"Or that she could make a good living by writing books or doing a vaudeville turn," I put in.

"Or had a personal interest in a millinery shop or a beauty parlor," added Venus. "It takes a more solid attraction than a dimple or a straight nose to get a man beyond the flirting stage in these days. And besides," added Venus, "money is more lasting than beauty. Look at me! I'm getting positively seedy."

"Sh!" I cried softly. "Nobody would know it."

"Of course not," agreed Venus, "and they wouldn't believe it if they did. Once you get a reputation for anything, people think it necessary to admire you. A professional humorist can recite the alphabet or quote from a census report and people will laugh at him; and a professional beauty may blacken her teeth and shave her head and men will still run after her. Any woman with a fairly straight nose, a knowledge of how to do her hair, and a genius for self-advertising can get a reputation for beauty nowadays. Cleopatra wasn't much to look at; she merely knew how to keep herself before the public eye, and Helen of Troy wouldn't be noticed on Fifth avenue to-day. Nobody would ever have heard of her if I had not given her all that free advertising. And so it goes, from Mary Queen of Scots to Mme. Pompadour, and from Recamier down to Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. It's the advertising that makes the beauty. My dear child," and Venus bent a glance of motherly interest upon me, "if you are really longing to be a beauty—just get one man to make a fool of himself over you."

"And the rest?"

"Will follow like a flock of geese. And now," finished Venus, "you really must excuse me. I must go back to the daily grind."

"To—what?"

"The torture chamber, the inquisition, the Turkish bath, the masseuse, the manicure, the dressmaker, and the milliner. Being a beauty isn't a sinecure; it's hard work. Once you get your reputation, you've got to live up to it. A professional beauty wages a daily war with the flesh. She never eats what she wants, sleeps when she wants to, wears what she likes, or does what pleases her. No nun was ever more abstemious, no day laborer ever worked harder. She offers herself up on an altar from the moment when she gets up in the morning with the horrible fear that the looking glass may show her her first wrinkle, until she lies down at night in her rubber corset and her facial mask—and all for what? In order that men may doubt her and women may hate her. Let me tell you," and Venus took both my hands between her soft pink palms, "a reputation for beauty, my dear, precludes any other sort of reputation. From me down to the most modern stage favorite, there never was an attractive looking woman whom her own sex didn't believe thoroughly bad and whom the opposite sex didn't believe thoroughly capable of being bad if she got the chance. Between the fear of scandal and the horror of growing old, we beauties pay dearly for all we get," and Venus wiped a tear carefully from her pencilled eyelashes with a corner of the pink cloud.

"You poor thing!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and then suddenly remembering my professional duty, "you've been so nice," I added. "And now won't you just tell me, before I go, how you manage that lovely hipless effect?"

"Sh," said Venus, regovering herself quickly and putting her fingers on my lips. "Come back some day and I'll show you—that and lots of other things. I'm thinking of starting a beauty shop. There's so much money in dyeing black hair dark blue and brown hair canary yellow. That's the only way beauty pays nowadays," and as I passed out into the hall her soft voice called after me:

"Take the elevator to the right; and don't forget to tip Mercury."

PLAYING WAR MANEUVERS ON A GIGANTIC SCALE

Army maneuvers on a scale never before attempted in the United States are being carried out by Maj. Gen. Frederick D. Grant with the regulars of the Department of the East and a large force of militia, in the four weeks from May 20 to June 15, and later in the summer. The operations, says Gen. Grant, will include more men and cover wider territory than any previous, and, as far as can be, they will offer a closer approximation of actual warfare.

The general outlined his plans at the annual banquet of the Founders and Patriots of America, held recently at the Hotel Manhattan, New York. The plan of campaign includes two separate series of operations, the first on the coast, the second inland. A series of coast defense maneuvers will be carried on simultaneously at the various fortifications from Baltimore to Boston. After four weeks of this coast defense practice, the commander believes, the troops, both regulars and National Guard, will be thoroughly seasoned to powder, while the officers will have gained great familiarity with the particular styles of maneuver involved, and the chiefs in command will have plenty of valuable records as to the performances of the troops and the efficiency of the individual officers.

A month or more later will come the inland maneuvers. They will begin with an experiment in concentration. Troops of the department from many posts, some as far as Washington, will be marched so as to arrive at Pine Plains, near Watertown, N. Y., within three hours of each other. Large evolutions will then be carried out, on much the same scale as in modern war.

In introducing his plans Gen. Grant began with a plain word or two on preparation for war.

"We are the most pugnacious nation on earth," he said, "and perhaps the least prepared for real trouble." He did not believe that "In God We Trust" was a good enough motto to excuse lack of military preparation. He went on to say:

"I am preparing seacoast maneuvers for this summer to show how our big guns could knock out any foreign fleet that might come poking around with evil intentions. With the regular establisiment of the Department of the East, and as many militiamen as the States will let me have, we began work at Baltimore, Lower New York Bay, in Long Island Sound, at Forts Schuyler and Totten, New London, Newport, Narragansett Bay, and Boston. The work will continue until June 15. The militiamen will be taught how to move and care for troops and will be drilled, in company with the regulars, in everything that goes to make coast defense.

"Green men will get used to the noise of big guns and the officers will learn how to handle themselves under conditions that will be as near the real thing as we can make them.

"About a month later I shall send my mobile troops from Washington, Buffalo, Ontario, Oswego, Plattsburg Sacketts Harbor, Ethan Allen, and New York to a concentration camp near Watertown at a place called Pine Plains. I have planned to get them there all in the same day and within three hours of each other, and that's a thing that has never been done before on so big a scale, I believe. Some of them will have only nineteen miles to march; others will have to foot it 450 miles. The men will be put through every form of drill, from open order company drill to the evolutions supposed to mask the march of a vast army."

Gen. Grant said that the troops at Pine Plains would be maneuvered with special attention to the work required of an advance guard to a body of 150,000 men. No practice of this sort had ever before been attempted, he said, in this country. The individual training of officers and men would form another feature of the work of the troops at Pine Plains—especially that of the officers. They were to go through a course of practice and other exercises to improve their fitness.

New York Harbor will be one of the important points in the operations of June. The National Guardsmen will participate and will have a chance to become acquainted with the coast defenses and their handling. The harbor is likely to have a military look and sound for a few weeks, what with the encampments of troops and the practice with the big guns. The absence of the battle-ship squadron in the Pacific has led, it is understood, to the attaching of much more importance in Washington this year to the maneuvers centering about the coast defenses of the Atlantic seaboard.